



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30
Part A: Written Response

January 1986

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EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30**

PART A: Written Response

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

This examination consists of THREE assignments. Read the **WHOLE** examination before you begin to write. Follow instructions carefully. Complete **ALL** assignments.

TOTAL TIME: 2½ hours
Budget your time carefully.

The three assignments are as follows:

	Page Number
MINOR ASSIGNMENT ONE: Personal Response Suggested time: 15-25 minutes Value: 20% of this examination	8
MINOR ASSIGNMENT TWO: Critical Response Suggested time: 15-25 minutes Value: 20% of this examination	12
MAJOR ASSIGNMENT: Suggested time: 90-100 minutes Reserve 10 minutes for proofreading. Value: 60% of this examination	16

You may use a **DICTIONARY** and a **THESAURUS**.

Space is provided for **PLANNING AND DRAFTING** and for **REVISED WORK**.

Please write your revised work in blue or black ink.

**DO NOT WRITE YOUR NAME ANYWHERE
IN THE TEST BOOKLET**

JANUARY 1986

Instructions

1. Read "Looking at Models in the Sears Catalogue" and "Harrison Bergeron" carefully and thoughtfully before you start the writing assignments.
2. Read Minor Assignments One and Two and the Major Assignment before you start writing.

Reading One


LOOKING AT MODELS IN THE SEARS CATALOGUE

These are our immortals.
They stand around
and always look happy.
Some must do work,
5 they are dressed for it,
but stay meticulously
clean. Others
play forever,
at the beach, in backyards,
10 but never move
strenuously. Here
the light is such
there are no shadows.
If anyone gestures,
15 it is with an open
hand. And the smiles
that bloom everywhere
are permanent, always
in fashion.
20 So
it is surprising to discover
children here,
who must have sprung
from the dark of some loins.
25 For the mild bodies
of these men and women
have learned to stay
dry and cool:
even the undressed

Continued

30 in bras and briefs
could be saying,
It was a wonderful dinner,
thank you so much.
Yet,
35 season after season,
we shop here:
in Spring's pages,
no ripe abundance
overwhelms us;
40 in Winter's pages,
nothing is dying.
It is a kind of perfection.
We are not a people
who abide ugliness.
45 All the folds in the clothing
are neat folds,
nowhere to get lost.

Philip Dacey



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Reading Two

HARRISON BERGERON

The year was 2081, and everybody was finally equal. They weren't only equal before God and the law. They were equal every which way. Nobody was smarter than anybody else. Nobody was better-looking than anybody else. Nobody was stronger or quicker than anybody else. All this equality was due to the 211th, 212th, and 213th Amendments to the Constitution, and to the unceasing vigilance of agents of the United States Handicapper General.

Some things about living still weren't quite right, though. April, for instance, still drove people crazy by not being springtime. And it was in that clammy month that the H-G men took George and Hazel Bergeron's fourteen-year-old son, Harrison, away.

It was tragic, all right, but George and Hazel couldn't think about it very hard. Hazel had a perfectly average intelligence, which meant she couldn't think about anything except in short bursts. And George, while his intelligence was way above normal, had a little mental handicap radio in his ear. He was required by law to wear it at all times. It was tuned to a government transmitter. Every twenty seconds or so, the transmitter would send out some sharp noise to keep people like George from taking unfair advantage of their brains.

George and Hazel were watching television. There were tears on Hazel's cheeks, but she'd forgotten for the moment what they were about.

On the television screen were ballerinas.

A buzzer sounded in George's head. His thoughts fled in panic, like bandits from a burglar alarm.

"That was a real pretty dance, that dance they just did," said Hazel.

"Huh?" said George.

"That dance — it was nice," said Hazel.

"Yup," said George. He tried to think a little about the ballerinas. They weren't really very good — no better than anybody else would have been, anyway. They were burdened with sashweights and bags of birdshot, and their faces were masked, so that no one, seeing a free and graceful gesture or a pretty face, would feel like something the cat drug in. George was toying with the vague notion that maybe dancers shouldn't be handicapped. But he didn't get very far with it before another noise in his ear radio scattered his thoughts.

He began to think glimmeringly about his abnormal son who was now in jail, about Harrison, but a twenty-one-gun salute in his head stopped that.

"Boy!" said Hazel, "that was a doozy, wasn't it?"

It was such a doozy that George was white and trembling, and tears stood on the rims of his red eyes.

The television program was suddenly interrupted for a news bulletin.

"Ladies and gentlemen — " said the ballerina reading the bulletin. She must have been extraordinarily beautiful, because the mask she wore was hideous. And it was easy to see that she was the strongest and most graceful of all the dancers, for her handicap bags were as big as those worn by two-hundred-pound men.

Continued

And she had to apologize at once for her voice, which was a very unfair voice for a woman to use. Her voice was a warm, luminous, timeless melody. "Excuse me —" she said, and she began again, making her voice absolutely uncompetitive.

"Harrison Bergeron, age fourteen," she said in a grackle squawk, "has just escaped from jail, where he was held on suspicion of plotting to overthrow the government. He is a genius and an athlete, is under-handicapped, and should be regarded as extremely dangerous."

A police photograph of Harrison Bergeron was flashed on the screen — upside down, then sideways, upside down again, then right side up. The picture showed the full length of Harrison against a background calibrated in feet and inches. He was exactly seven feet tall.

The rest of Harrison's appearance was Halloween and hardware. Nobody had ever borne heavier handicaps. He had outgrown hindrances faster than the H-G men could think them up. Instead of a little ear radio for a mental handicap, he wore a tremendous pair of earphones, and spectacles with thick wavy lenses. The spectacles were intended to make him not only half blind, but to give him whanging headaches besides.

Scrap metal was hung all over him. Ordinarily, there was a certain symmetry, a military neatness to the handicaps issued to strong people, but Harrison looked like a walking junkyard. In the race of life, Harrison carried three hundred pounds.

And to offset his good looks, the H-G men required that he wear at all times a red rubber ball for a nose, keep his eyebrows shaved off, and cover his even white teeth with black caps at snaggle-tooth random.

"If you see this boy," said the ballerina, "do not — I repeat, do not — try to reason with him."

There was the shriek of a door being torn from its hinges.

Screams and barking cries of consternation came from the television set. The photograph of Harrison Bergeron on the screen jumped again and again, as though dancing to the tune of an earthquake.

George Bergeron correctly identified the earthquake, and well he might have — for many was the time his own home had danced to the same crashing tune. "My God —" said George, "that must be Harrison!"

The realization was blasted from his mind instantly by the sound of an automobile collision in his head.

When George could open his eyes again, the photograph of Harrison was gone. A living, breathing Harrison filled the screen.

Clanking, clownish, and huge, Harrison stood in the center of the studio. The knob of the uprooted studio door was still in his hand. Ballerinas, technicians, musicians, and announcers cowered on their knees before him, expecting to die.

"I am the Emperor!" cried Harrison. "Do you hear? I am the Emperor! Everybody must do what I say at once!" He stamped his foot and the studio shook.

"Even as I stand here —" he bellowed, "crippled, hobbled, sickened — I am a greater ruler than any man who ever lived! Now watch me become what I *can* become!"

Harrison tore the straps of his handicap harness like wet tissue paper, tore straps guaranteed to support five thousand pounds.

Harrison's scrap-iron handicaps crashed to the floor.

Harrison thrust his thumbs under the bar of the padlock that secured his head harness. The bar snapped like celery. Harrison smashed his headphones and spectacles against the wall.

Continued

He flung away his rubber-ball nose, revealed a man that would have awed Thor, the god of thunder.

"I shall now select my Empress!" he said, looking down on the cowering people. "Let the first woman who dares rise to her feet claim her mate and her throne!"

A moment passed, and then a ballerina arose, swaying like a willow.

Harrison plucked the mental handicap from her ear, snapped off her physical handicaps with marvelous delicacy. Last of all, he removed her mask.

She was blindingly beautiful.

"Now —" said Harrison, taking her hand, "shall we show the people the meaning of the word *dance*? Music!" he commanded.

The musicians scrambled back into their chairs, and Harrison stripped them of their handicaps, too. "Play your best," he told them, "and I'll make you barons and dukes and earls."

Harrison and his Empress merely listened to the music for a while — listened gravely, as though synchronizing their heartbeats with it.

They shifted their weights to their toes.

Harrison placed his big hands on the girl's tiny waist, letting her sense the weightlessness that would soon be hers.

And then, in an explosion of joy and grace, into the air they sprang!

Not only were the laws of the land abandoned, but the law of gravity and the laws of motion as well.

They reeled, whirled, swiveled, flounced, capered, gamboled, and spun.

They leaped like deer on the moon.

The studio ceiling was thirty feet high, but each leap brought the dancers nearer to it.

It became their obvious intention to kiss the ceiling.

They kissed it.

And then, neutralizing gravity with love and pure will, they remained suspended in air inches below the ceiling, and they kissed each other for a long, long time.

It was then that Diana Moon Glampers, the Handicapper General, came into the studio with a double-barreled ten-gauge shotgun. She fired twice, and the Emperor and the Empress were dead before they hit the floor.

Diana Moon Glampers loaded the gun again. She aimed it at the musicians and told them they had ten seconds to get their handicaps back on.

It was then that the Bergerons' television tube burned out.

Hazel turned to comment about the blackout to George. But George had gone out into the kitchen for a can of beer.

George came back in with the beer, paused while a handicap signal shook him up. And then he sat down again. "You been crying?" he said to Hazel.

"Yup," she said.

"What about?" he said.

"I forget," she said. "Something real sad on television."

"What was it?" he said.

"It's all kind of mixed-up in my mind," said Hazel.

"Forget sad things," said George.

"I always do," said Hazel.

"That's my girl," said George. He winced. There was the sound of a riveting gun in his head.

"Gee — I could tell that one was a doozy," said Hazel.

"You can say that again," said George.

"Gee —" said Hazel, "I could tell that one was a doozy."

Kurt Vonnegut

MINOR ASSIGNMENT ONE

Personal Response Assignment (Suggested time: 15-25 minutes)

In the story "Harrison Bergeron" Vonnegut describes a society in which people have been made equal "every which way." If you lived in such a society, how would you feel and what would you do?

PLANNING AND DRAFTING

There is additional space for Planning and Drafting on page 10.

Minor Assignment One

Personal Response

REVISED WORK

This image shows a single page of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

There is additional space for Revised Work on page 11.

Minor Assignment One

Personal Response

PLANNING AND DRAFTING

Minor Assignment One

Personal Response

REVISED WORK

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines, typical of notebook paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

MINOR ASSIGNMENT TWO

Critical Response Assignment (Suggested time: 15-25 minutes)

In the poem “Looking at Models in the Sears Catalogue” the poet is critical of the societal attitudes he sees reflected in the catalogue photographs. What attitudes does the poet criticize? Use details from the poem to support your answer.

PLANNING AND DRAFTING

There is additional space for Planning and Drafting on page 14.

Critical Response

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- 13 -

Minor Assignment Two

Critical Response

PLANNING AND DRAFTING

Minor Assignment Two

Critical Response

REVISED WORK

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MAJOR ASSIGNMENT

(Suggested time: 90-100 minutes)

Societies are shaped by such factors as geography, history, economics, politics, the family and religion. Authors of works such as “Looking at Models in the Sears Catalogue” and “Harrison Bergeron” suggest that people are strongly influenced by the prevailing conditions, attitudes and values of the society in which they live, whether they are aware of the influences or not.

COMPARE TWO SELECTIONS IN WHICH THE AUTHORS SHOW HOW PEOPLE ARE AFFECTED BY AND RESPOND TO THE PREVAILING CONDITIONS, ATTITUDES OR VALUES OF THEIR SOCIETY.

Before planning your composition, read the guidelines below. They are designed to help you select and organize your ideas.

Guidelines for Writing

- **CHOOSE YOUR SELECTIONS CAREFULLY FROM THOSE YOU HAVE STUDIED IN YOUR SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH CLASSES.** The selections you choose may be poems, essays, short stories, plays, novels, other literature, or films.
- **FOCUS YOUR COMPOSITION.** One way of establishing a focus might be to make brief reference to “Looking at Models in the Sears Catalogue” and/or to “Harrison Bergeron.” **DO NOT LIMIT YOUR DISCUSSION TO THESE SELECTIONS.**
- **PLAN YOUR COMPOSITION CAREFULLY.** Decide on an appropriate method of introducing, developing, and concluding your composition. Plan to support and develop your ideas with appropriate and specific detail. Although you are using two selections on which to base your composition, unify your ideas. Remember that a comparison may involve discussion of both similarities and differences. **DO NOT** present a plot summary.
- **REVISE AND PROOFREAD YOUR COMPOSITION CAREFULLY.**

Major Assignment

PLANNING

In the spaces below, write the names of the authors and titles of the literary selections you plan to use in your composition.

Identify the Author and
Title (or Source)

Identify the Author and
Title (or Source)

There is additional space for Drafting on even-numbered pages.

Major Assignment

DRAFTING

Major Assignment

REVISED WORK

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines, typical of notebook paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

There is additional space for Revised Work on odd-numbered pages.

Major Assignment

DRAFTING

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Major Assignment

DRAFTING

Major Assignment

REVISED WORK

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Major Assignment

DRAFTING

Major Assignment

REVISED WORK

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Major Assignment

DRAFTING

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Major Assignment

DRAFTING

Major Assignment

REVISED WORK

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Major Assignment

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REVISED WORK

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REVISED WORK

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CREDITS

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Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. "Harrison Bergeron" from *Welcome to the Monkey House* (New York: Delacorte Press © 1961).

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